

Wolf: Assassin of Chaos Rewrite

by fangirl01music

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Summary: The Giant war ended. It was supposed to be happily ever after. But it wasn't. Now betrayed and banished from both camps, Percy is found by Lady Chaos, the universe incarnate. 7,000 years later, he has a family and maybe a love in the form of a fellow soldier, but now has to go back to where he came from. What will he do? ANNABETH BASHING GUYS. Some cursing. Nothing bad though.

1. Chapter 1

****Heya hiya! This is the rewrite of Wolf:Assassin of Chaos, and so, I hope you like it! Don't worry, my old story is till there, it's just going to be updated. Ever. So...yeah.****

****Yep! Onto the story!****

Percy glanced back at Camp Half-Blood, his home for nearly two years. It was hard to believe that he was really leaving. But he had to. There were too many painful memories here, no matter how many wonderful ones...that and if he stayed, he'd have to see her. No, no, he can't have that. Even if it only started a year ago...

****~Flashback~****

The Second war had just ended, and everyone was exhausted. However Zeus called them all here, even Nico. So there they were, with their respective significant others. Percy was holding tightly to his girlfriend's hand, feeling a flush of love and warmth wash over him as he thought of her. She was smart, beautiful, and the love of his life. And so, since she was all of these things and more, he was going to propose in a few months. He forced his thoughts away from the impending giddy moment, and focused on Zeus.

"You all deserve to be immortal. This gift is a option. Do you

accept?" The god's voice boomed across the room like thunder, and Percy gripped Annabeth's hand just a little tighter.

He'd told her about the fact that they were most likely going to be given this and begged her not to accept. He was going to turn it down - stay mortal-and he wanted to stay with her. She had finally relented under his pleading expression.

Piper glanced at Jason and they stepped forward as one. "We both accept Lord Zeus."

Percy swore that Zeus was smiling as the glow surrounded the couple.

Everyone else agreed, with Leo clinging to Calypso's hand as he did so, almost afraid that she would disappear. The Titan gave him a kiss on the cheek as he stood beside her, and his cheeks flamed red.

Annabeth and he stepped forward, Percy nudging her gently to get her to say no, that she'd rather stay mortal, that she'd rather stay with him.

Instead, this came out of her mouth. "I accept."

Percy's mouth fell open in shock. "B-but...Annabeth." he said softly. The blonde ignored him firmly.

With a ache in his heart, Percy turned back to Zeus. "Percy Jackson. You have already turned down this offer once. Will you again?"

Percy pursed his lips, thinking it over. He really didn't want to be immortal...but a partial immortal would be a perfect compromise! "I would like to be a partial immortal. However I have another request." When Zeus raised a eyebrow, Percy hurried to elaborate. "I want you to make Hestia and Hades recognized Olympians. Both have helped you in the last two wars, and yes, I understand that this is a very big request."

Zeus gripped his thunderbolt tightly. Percy was suddenly reminded of the first time he touched the mighty weapon. A shock had run through him and pure power had momentarily short-circuited his mind.

Zeus pulled him from his memories with a solid, "Yes." The small smile that Nico had and the nod Hades gave him with Hestia's lit up face made Percy's insides go all gooey and he gave them all a grin before feeling power wash over him like a river. It filled him up from his shoes to the last strand of hair on his head and when it was finished, he walked over to Annabeth and grasped her hand again;he wasn't ready to let go just yet.

Annabeth was walking around in the camp, peaceful, as the sounds of training and hammers hitting metals. There was no war, and no death on the horizon, besides the normal deaths of demigods and monsters in battle. Annabeth sighed happily-and then ran into someone. "Hey!" She snapped, gray eyes glaring.

"Sorry." A sheepish voice said. She looked up and-woah. He was attractive. Brown hair, blue and dark blue eyes, and a body that made it look like he was built to run. (Heh. He's gonna be running.)

Annabeth felt a shiver run down her spine.

"No, it's my fault. I wasn't paying attention. Annabeth Chase, daughter of Athena." She smiled.

He laughed. "So you're the girl everyone's been talking about. I'm Seth, son of Hermes."

Her grin widened and that was how their friendship and everything else started.

Almost a month after the Giant War ended, Annabeth started to drift away from Percy. This worried him. His already unstable mentality—a gift from Tartarus—was shaking without her support, and he had to leave for his mother's, to try and break this dependence on his girlfriend.

Unfortunately, the day before he was going to leave, he got a letter. It was simple, pressed and formal, but the words... The words broke his heart. His mother was dead, along with her husband, and during the autopsy, they found that she was pregnant. He was going to have a little brother. A little baby that hadn't been able to live. His step-dad was gone, the kind man who got into school and loved his mom with all of his heart. And Mom, his sweet and caring mother, was dead, gone. Her smile would never grace this Earth, and her compassion would never show again to Percy.

His mind broke, just a little.

As he stood in shock and despair in the middle of the camp, tears streaming down his face, nobody said anything. They didn't want to see their strong hero crying, choked sobs being torn from his throat.

He ran to Annabeth, shaking hands trying hard to show her the terrible letter, but she merely pushed him away gently before taking off, talking to a boy with chocolate hair.

Paper falling from numb fingers, Percy fell to the ground and screamed.

Annabeth didn't know what was wrong with Percy, but she didn't really care. Seth made her forget as he talked to her about calculations, structures, and his dreams of building a home for his future family. She laughed and helped and one night fell in the forest and kissed him. His lips were chapped and she pulled away, face red, ready to apologize fiercely, before Seth grinned and kissed her again.

After that, things took off. She blew Percy off constantly, going into the woods and smiling and kissing Seth and knew that this was wrong, knew that she was breaking Percy's heart, but, again, she didn't care.

She managed to delude herself into thinking it was okay and that this demigod, who had done nothing, was a hundred times better than the Son Of Poseidon.

Percy was confused and more than a little hurt. Annabeth was growing distant, and he didn't know why. Her affectionate 'Seaweed Brain' turned into an insult that stung everytime she said it. So to clear

his head, Percy took a walk through the woods, a faint smile flickering across his face at the sounds of nature before he stumbled on something that made another crack in his mind.

Annabeth, his girlfriend and best friend and everything in between and the girl that he went Hell through, literally, lost killed a goddess with her own poisons for, was kissing another. Back pressed against a rock, arms wrapped around the neck, Annabeth didn't notice him.

He backed away, foot breaking a twig. He stiffened as Annabeth and the other male broke apart, turning to face him. Eyes shining with salty water, Percy stared and stared and stared before Annabeth took a step forward. He flinched back immediately, feet sliding away from the traitorous goddess. Her face twisted. "Percy we're breaking up. I'm dating Seth now. Everyone will know tonight."

Percy could only cry, the tears making it hard to see. "Why?" He croaked out, voice hoarse.

She looked back at Seth and then at him, looking at his hunched back, red eyes, and hurt that showed everything. "I..." She couldn't say why, but by the time Seth had stepped up to be by her side, Percy had made a choked sound and fled the clearing.

Seth spun her around and effectively distracted by kissing her again, possessive and powerful enough to make her lips hurt and she loved it, resuming where they left off. And if Seth growled him her mouth, saying that she was his, and if that that made a shiver of pleasure run down her spine, she didn't say anything.

Percy ran and practically flew across the forest floor, chest heaving, mind rapidly replaying what had just happened. He didn't understand. After everything...after everything that had happened, after everything that he had done for her, she just...

He didn't understand and he hated it and most of all he hated her. He hated her for cheating, for not remaining by his side, for not thinking of him and the horrors that he had witnessed in the hellhole that was Tartarus that still warped his mind.

So Percy ran and he grabbed anything and everything that he might need, stuffing it inside a bag that was worn, but strong. He stopped at the Pavalon, sea-green eyes that were too world weary at his age taking in the scene. Annabeth holding hands with that man, smiling and pressing a kiss against his cheek while everyone laughed and grinned, not caring one bit about the boy who just had his heart broken and was staring right at them.

Percy squeezed his eyes shut, a tear falling down his cheek as he turned on his heel and left.

****~Flashback End**~**

Percy was visited often by Hestia, who sat with him at his fires and made him just a little bit warmer. She gave him money, more than enough to make it to Camp Jupiter, and gave him food lovingly and who hugged him to her side as he screamed and cried at the unfairness of the world and the cruelty of the Fates. She couldn't do anything, and that just made her hold him all the tighter.

Once he made it to the camp, and just as his heart had begun to lighten and his face began to shine with hope, the guards took one look at him, and raised their weapons with a snarl.

Percy stopped dead in his tracks, hurt and confused at their actions. "I thought I was welcome here." What was said was soft, but the way his face twisted in pain showed he knew he was going to get rejected again.

"Traitor of Rome. You shouldn't have survived." One guard spat, disgust and hate clear.

Percy flinched away before his eyes hardened. "I'm sorry. I thought that heroes were welcome and honored here. Clearly I was wrong about the ideals of Rome."

With that he flicked out his sword and walked away, longer than normal hair swinging behind him.

Okay. So. This is the chapter. Hope you like! Unfortunately, this hasn't been looked over by my lovely betas reader, softichgirl, so sorry! However I have looked over it and I think that's it's okay. Second chapter coming in, like, maybe a few minutes to an hour. Bye!

**PS. IT STILL WENT LET ME DO LINE BREAKS! GAHHHHHHHHH! **

2. Chapter 2

Heeeeey all y'all! This is the second chapter I promised you. I changed up some things, like when Joy comes in (I couldn't resist, she's just too cute), added in some more personality to Chaos, and made Beckedorf and Serena more prominent characters. Also, SETH. We all hate him, and I'm going to make those who have not eat my other story hate him too. However, I won't make it so that's he's the way that he was. He's smart, yes, but governed by his emotions, and so not so smart and thus a dumbass and a jerk.

He he he! By the way, thank you all for those wonderful reviews! They keep my spirits up and I just love the fact that people like my story enough to review. Many thanks to you all, and a special thanks to my beta reader who is just AWESOME and I love her. Seriously, thank you guys. Don't own...everyone knows this, why am I saying this?

Onto the chapter everyone!

Percy ran for who know how long-he most certainly didn't-before collapsing, chest heaving, the fragile organs inside it screaming for air. Percy choked on a shout that threatened to fill the silent sky with his agony. He had hoped he would be safe in Rome. He had hoped that, even through he had fled, after he had literally help save the world, he would be welcomed.

He shook his head, inky black tresses whipping from side to side. Hope got him nowhere, not in this case. He could hope and pray that this wasn't true, wasn't real and that this was all just a dream...but it wouldn't change a thing. He had nowhere to go. He was banished from one camp and might as well be from the other.

Percy scooted against a building in the pouring rain-he was so cold - and drew his knees up to his chest. Okay. He was a semi-immortal. He could survive.

But his mind was already breaking and he needed someone to fix the cracks, because that would kill him, and if not him then who?

The answer to his question was a woman with long black hair and a gentle smile who held out her hand.

"Who're you?" He asked, eyes rimmed with red.

The woman laughed, the sound of tinkling bells and triangles that Percy played with in elementary school.

"Silly. I'm a goddess, Chaos to be exact. And I want you to join my army."

Percy couldn't help it - he gaped. He gaped and he looked and he felt the power radiating off of her and he believed it. But he was curious and he had to know before he took her hand. "Why me?"

She sighed and smiled. "Because you are very, very special Percy. You have power and potential, but kindness and compassion. You are balanced. You are perfect for the position." Percy was confused. What position? She rolled her eyes good-naturally. "The position as my personal assassin."

Percy looked up at her face and took the hand.

****~7,000 years later~****

A feather fluttered to the cement floor, pitch black in color. Men were shaking, trembling metal guns and harsh breaths creating a symphony of terror. A low chuckle echoed around the spacious warehouse, another large feather drifting gracefully down, glossy enough to show their fear-filled expressions.

Suddenly nobody could see a thing. Screams started to disrupt the scared atmosphere. A slash cut through a throat, the sound of blood spraying further spurred the the panic, and the nameless assassin grinned as he cut down another member of the group.

Once everyone was dead and gone, their bodies staining the floor red, Percy calmly flicked his sword, shining metal glinting as the thick liquid hit the ground. Walking out of the warehouse, Percy opened his large wings and leapt for the sky, smiling as the wind hit his face and sunlight warmed his body.

When the sun set, he reluctantly-he loved flying on Earth-opened a doorway and stepped out on Lady Chao's planet.

Waving to the people as he passed the market place, Percy walked to the throne room, giving a small smile as he passed the mural of her, with him looming in the background, eyes wary, but welcoming. It was a good day when it was made.

He threw open the doors, hood down and a grin etched on his face. "Chaos, I'm back!"

Her head poked out of a room, long hair brushing the ground.
"Perseus! Hello!" She called back. "How did your mission go?"

Percy grimaced. "Easy. I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop. I haven't had one that simple in a while. Really, they were just humans!"

She laughed. "Yes, but they were causing me a headache." Suddenly her expression turned serious, playful air gone, leaving nothing but a leader in its place. Percy, no, _Wolf, _straightened his spine and pulled up his hood. "Tartarus is rising."

The words were simple, but they still made a shiver run down his spine. Chaos, why now? "I understand. Are we to be sent to Earth?"

She nodded, mouth set in a grim line. "I'm afraid so. Tell the others we are to leave in two days."

Wolf bowed, eyes lowered, the perfect picture of a servant. "Of course Lady Chaos." He turned to leave when she called out again.

"Each commander is to long bring 250 soldiers."

He inclined his head again, deep green eyes meeting her own momentarily. "Certainly." The door banged shut behind him.

~Line Break~

Like usual, the godly meetings were loud. Very loud. It hurt the ears. Seth was holding hands with Annabeth, quietly talking about something. Strangely enough, he was made immortal. People who still remembered Percy were mystified as to why.

"Apollo I swear, if you don't stop with those ridiculous-"

"Zeus, I saw you with another woman-"

"Persephone needs to be with me Hades!"

"She still had another month!"

"Leo, you're on fire."

"SILENCE!" Zeus yelled above the arguments and it was finally quiet. He rubbed his forehead in an attempt to wave off his headache. Sometimes he wondered why he even went to these meetings.

"Tartarus is rising. He's bringing many ancient monsters with him and we have no way to stop him. We need a way. Any ideas?" He directed this question at the actual thinking immortals.

A giggle rang throughout the air, frost spreading across the room. Gods and goddesses quickly grabbed their weapons, when another giggle went through the room. "No need for that." The voice was female, and was highly amused.

"Who are you?" The King of the Gods bellowed to the air. "Show

yourself!"

A sigh. "Okay. But so you know, you have to dress me as Lady.." She stepped out the shadows, petite frame showed off by the red and black Victorian loliota dress she was wearing. "Chaos!"

Zeus immediately put down his weapon, gritting his teeth. It killed him to submit to another, but even if she was the size of a normal human right now, with silk gloves and a parasol opened over her shoulder, her very being radiated power.

A sickly sweet smile graced her lips, dark eyes innocently taking in the tension that was evident. Oh, how she loved doing this, intimidating immortals who thought they were better than her. She nearly snorted at the thought. She had been around since the universe started, and whoever was before her faded long ago. She coughed delicately. "I'm afraid that I have a idea for how to get rid of Tartarus."

She smiled at the room, eyes brightening at the sight of Leo and Calypso. They drifted down to their joined hands and saw a wedding ring there. She almost giggled at the sight.

She pulled from her thoughts however when everyone started yelling all at once. With a scowl, she waved her parasol, and everyone was quiet. "Yes, thank you. While I don't particularly like the way you have been treating the Earth-and she IS one of my favorite planets-I suppose that I'll have to help. Humans are so fascinating after all. I'll be sending four of my commanders, Beauty, Angel, Ice, and Wolf. Do not touch them. Do not try to get them to reveal their identities. Do not try to irritate them. They will be able to kill you all. My metal, the one that I make, can kill immortals. Except for me of course."

She smiled sweetly with a undertone of acid and twirled her parasol. "They'll arrive in a day at noon, on the dot. Remember the warnings." She cast a poisonous eye over the inhabitants-sans the one she liked (example Leo and Calypso)-and glared in particular at Seth and Annabeth.

"Daughter of Athena. Do not try to think of who they are and get them to talk about their pasts. You may think that knowledge is power and everything, but believe me, if you try to do these things, you will die."

Seth stood angrily, eyes flashing. "How dare you talk to Annabeth like that-"

He was cut off by the goddesses's hateful words. "Do not tell me what I dare to do Son of Hermes. As for you, do not challenge them. Although," A snarl showed up on her porcelain face. "I suppose I wouldn't mind if you were to be maimed. Or castrated. Or perhaps be forced to have you're heart ripped out of your chest." The more she mused, the more bloodthirsty her eyes began and the more everyone began to get terrified. Well, except Ares. He was grinning at his grandmother, not at all bothered by the crushing air of murderous intent. She laughed again, eyes cruel yet amused. "Do not presume, I can kill you, but I won't. I can only hope someone else will do it for me."

With that, Lady Chaos turned on her heel, and walked back into the shadows. "Ta ta! I hope I never see any of you again!"

****~Line Break~****

Percy pulled his hood down with a sigh, rubbing his eyes. "Chaos, I hoped I wouldn't need to go there again."

"Percy!" He turned and got a armful of little Joy. She giggled, small wings flapping behind her restlessly. "Daddy! Your mission is done!"

"Yeah, I'm home Joy." Percy grinned, pulling down his adoptive daughter's hood down. Big purple eyes looked up with happiness and brown hair tickled her cheeks.

"Yay! Mommy said that you need to meet her and Aunt Beauty and Uncle Ice in the rec room!"

Percy shifted uncomfortably. No mater how many times he told her, Joy still said that Angel was Mommy. It led to awkward times for everyone, but Joy was a little ray of sunshine and taken in about a thousand years ago, and was basically abused by her siblings at the Cupid cabin. So Lady Chaos gently erased her memories and took her here and she attached to Percy.

Percy didn't mind that part at all. "Of course sweetheart. Let's go."

Joy giggled, taking his hand and pulling him down the hall, chattering on and on about something all the while.

****~Line Break~****

After putting Joy to bed, Percy gathered his three closest friends in his room. "What's up?" Angel asked, leaning against the door with a smile.

"You guys know how Chaos kept me after for longer than usual?"

Serena nodded, hand unconsciously staying to Beckedorf's. "What about it?" He asked, tightened his hold on his wife's hand.

Percy sighed, throwing himself down on his bed. "We're going down to the Greek world on Earth."

There was a beat of silence, then utter pandemonium. "WHAT?" Angel screeched, blonde hair flying and blue eyes burning with fury.

Beckedorf punched the wall with a growl, ice spreading like spider webs quickly where his fist made contact. Serena's wings flared, feathers flying all over the room while her her magic went out of control. The walls contorted, changed color, while the windows shattered.

Percy waited for a minute before he held up a hand. They stopped, chests heaving and tempers ready to snap. "Tartarus is rising. We're needed there." He stated in a dull voice.

"But why do_ you_ have to go?" Angel asked the question, but they all wanted to say it. They were honestly worried about him. Percy's psyche was only just healed, the final crack being fixed with Joy's arrival. They didn't want all of that to go away.

"Yes. I'm the strongest, and Tartarus is up in the top fifteen, according to Chaos." He felt their anger and fear saturating the air, and sighed. "I'll be fine. My mind will be fine. Look, it's not like I have a choice, and I'll even let Serena run a test every morning and night. Happy?"

Serena frowned. "Not particularly, but like you said, it's not a choice, it's an order. How many do we bring?"

"250 each."

Angel's jaw dropped. "That's a thousand! Do they really need that much?"

"That's what Chaos said. We're leaving in two days."

"Fine! Goodnight. I'll tell my troops tomorrow." Angel huffed before turning and walking out, anger simmering just below her skin.

Serena ran after her, turning a apologetic smile to Percy. "Sorry. She's just mad and worried."

Percy breathe out deeply. "Yeah I know." Serena have a small breath of relief before hurrying after her friend.

Beckedorf patted his knee in sympathy. "Good luck." With that said, the third division commander left his room.

Percy groaned and rolled onto his side. He'll need a lot of luck to get through this mission for sure.

****So. Didja like it? This was made with my totally cool Beta Reader ****softichgirl, and I really like it. Review if you do too!****

****I. FOUND. A WAY. TO LINE BREAK. HELL YES!****

3. Chapter 3

****Heeeey! So...yeah. New Chapter! Special thanks to everyone who reviewed and favorited and followed and a extra special thanks to my beta reader! Onto the story my little ones!****

****~Line Break~****

Annabeth was nervous. Chaos, the personification of the Universe and, true to her name, chaos, had an army? With an assassin? She was supposed to be dissolved more than a Millennium ago!

Growling deep in her throat, the goddess paced the beach, anxiety and curiosity making it impossible to sit still. Noon, noon, noon. They were supposed to be here at noon.

>Was it twelve yet? She checked her watch. No, still

11:59.<p>

Annabeth frowned, watching the seconds tick down._
5...4...3...2...1._ 12:00. As the final tick of the watch hit the twelve, a ship appeared in the sky, engines making ripples over the lake.

She leapt back, landing a good fifteen meters away, and watched as the large metal gently lowered itself down into the ground, the door opening with a hiss. Out stepped four figures, each with wings and different cloaks with names in Japanese on their backs. "Wolf, Beauty, Ice, and Angel." She murmured softly, but the way one head tilted towards her, made Annabeth think that she was heard.

She stepped back to fully look at them. Two had feminine builds, one had a stocky one, with wide shoulders and big arms...and the last one... the last one had black wings, unlike the rest, which were pure white. It's cloak was almost black, with hints of gray flickering around the bottom, cuffs, and creeping along on the hood. Wolf. He had a runners body, lean and lithe, but she had a suspicion that he was well trained with muscle.

She saw the hint of a smile from beneath the hood, the teeth gleaming and green eyes glaring out from under the hood. Immortal or not, Annabeth felt her heart stop when the gaze rested on her.

"Hello. My name is Wolf." He spoke, voice like water over rocks and a deep, nearly bottomless pit. Smooth and deep and near impossible to escape. Indeed, Annabeth had a difficult time focusing on what he was saying, rather than simply listening to his voice. "I am a Commander, as well as these three. I lead the first, Angel second, Ice third, and Beauty fourth armada. We are in charge and lead our groups, so don't try to command them. However, I have one extra job." Here, he stepped forward, and the rest stepped back. "I am Chaos' best assassin."

Annabeth's breath hitched. They had a Assassin in their camp?! Wolf walked past her like a breeze, footsteps silent. _O__f course they are! He's been trained to do so! _She thought hysterically.

Wolf stopped, turned, and tilted his head like a creepy Victorian Doll, eyes gleaming. "I hope you understand that I only kill those who I am given the order to eliminate." His voice was cold, factual, and she felt a surge of disgust towards him.

"Of course I do." Annabeth hissed.

Green eyes only rolled and Wolf waved his hand, a simple cabin coming up from the ground, glowing faintly with power. Despite herself, Annabeth was impressed with his nonchalance of showing his power.

"Wolf!" A little figure darted over to the hooden man and Annabeth almost grabbed her, to tell her to _stay away from the assassin_-when Wolf picked her up from the ground, a little sparkle in his eyes that she recognized from her demigod children mortal parent. That of a father.

"Yes Joy?" He asked, wings fluttering behind him.

"Wolf! I hit someone and now they're tryna hit me back!" Big purple

eyes pleaded with the winged immortal, and Annabeth could almost see the pout.

"Well Joy, that's usually the response." Angel pointed out, a small smile hinting along the darkness of her hood.

"Yeah, I know, but this was a accident! I was tryna to catch up with Matthew because he left me behind, and I ran into someone and my hand slapped him on the belly!"

Beauty giggled, Ice sighed, Angel shook her head, and Wolf flicked Joy on the nose before sighing himself and left with his comrades following.

Annabeth was left forgotten in the middle of camp with two completely different and conflicting views of a odd group of people.

~Line Break~

Percy walked in front of his troops, daughter firmly on his hip and a grin the size of a mountain on his face. "Hey soliders!"

"Good morning Commander!" They chorused back, smiles in their voices. They really loved their superior. He was always ready to help and never left anyone behind. That, and watching him interact with the smallest and youngest member made everyone coo and watching his face turn red at womens' flirtations was just hilarious.

"I made a cabin, big enough for everyone, and yes Rick, that means you have to deal with David." A loud groan arose from the assembled people and many laughed. Rick's 'hatred' with his peer was legendary-even though they were regularly seen together around the barracks and town.

"Sorry, Ricky!" That was David, and even shouting, his sarcasm shone through.

"Shut it Davey-wavey, that means you have to deal with me!" Another voice echoed back. That Rick.

"I do believe that I told you to stop calling me that." David called, a faint flush on the normally aloof man cheeks.

Rick grinned cheekily. "That's not what you told me last night."

"I was drunk."

"Yeah yeah, whatever you say."

"Ricky, I was. Our trashcan can atest to this fact."

"Uh-uh."

"Rick, stop this or I will be forced to stop-"

"Guys! Bicker later! We have to move in!" Percy yelled, amused, but tired.

"Yes sir." They grumbled in unison, Rick shooting glares at his

roommate and David gracing Rick with cool looks in return when they thought he wasn't looking. Percy was, and he was hard pressed not to burst out laughing.

Shaking his head at his subordinates' rivalry, he turned to his daughter and set her down. "Go play with Matthew."

"_Fiiiiine_. But I'm gonna fight him Daddy. He left me there!"

Percy's shoulders shook with laughter. "Of course."

She glared, but left, immediately pulling a little dark skinned boy with her. Matthew was Silena and Beckedorf's son, and thus Joy and him grew up together, even if he was about five years older. He constantly lorded this fact over her when she wasn't dragging him into a game. Which was almost always.

Percy stiffened when he felt a presence behind him that certainly wasn't someone from Lady Chao's army however, and his Wolf persona slid neatly back into place. "What do you want?" He asked, voice cold enough to freeze the little dew drops that clung stubbornly to the leaves and grass.

The god-for he was most definitely not a female and not a mortal-glared and spat out, "I want you to leave. We don't need you. We haven't for the last 7,000 years, so leave."

Wolf sighed softly so that it was nothing more than a breath, and turned to face..._him_. Wol-Percy felt one of his cracks splitting open violently. _Why hadn't he died?! He was mortal!_ _Wasn't he?_ Mind spiraling in all directions, twisting and turning in circles that hurt when it hit the fracture, Percy tried desperately to keep his composure. "I'm afraid that these are our orders, so we will be staying." To Percy's immense relief, only a small waver held through his voice. The man picked it up immediately.

"Afraid? You should be. I'm Seth, God of Speed." The ma-Seth declared arrogantly, face frozen in a smirk.

All of the air left Percy's body in a breath. So...Seth is his name. Feeling empty, something he hasn't felt in a long time, Percy turned away, tears prickling his eyes like little needles, and spread his large black wings. "I am not afraid of you. But I do hate you." This was true. He wasn't afraid of Seth, and he did hate him, but Percy feared what this 'god'-even in his head it tasted like poison-would inflict. What kind of pain, what kind of abuse.

Percy would be powerless to stop him because of what Seth had done. And he _hated_ that prospect, hated it with a passion that rivaled his hate for the people in his past. But he was terrified, and his terror would make him helpless, make him freeze up, make him lose to a god that ruined his life when he was just a mortal.

It was killing him and he had to get away, away away away from Seth, and repair his shields, heal the cracks. So he flapped his wings once and dashed into the sky, the normally calming wind and heat from the sun doing nothing to dry his tears and sooth his heart.

~Line Break~

Seth watched the powerful commander fled in the air, and smirked. Annabeth told him that he was cold, calculating, and not likely to show any fear. And yet, when he saw him, Wolf turned vulnerable, green eyes flashing with tears and fear. Seth felt...he didn't know what he felt, but he knew that he definitely wanted more of that response. Hmm...what to do...

~Line Break~

Angel looked up from playing with Joy to see Percy descending from flight unsteadily, movements shaky. Eyes narrowing, Angel abandoned the game to meet him when he landed, and land he did, stumbling with a muffled sob escaping his mouth.

She was instantly by his side, wrapping a supporting arm around his shoulder. Percy kept walking, towards his daughter, towards his anchor, and she understood. Percy's psyche was cracked, and possibly one that was healed, but left a scar that had reopened.

She let him go, watching him as he fell to his knees, wrapping Joy in his arms, curling around her the best he could, wings doing the same.

Harsh breaths were heard, and a scream_-or was it a cry_-echoed around the camp, and through it all, black feathers trembled, and soft whispers of 'Daddy, are you alright?' were said. And Angel gently sent a message to the others, before crouching down next to her friend, placing a hand on his shoulder.

Wings opened a crack, and she slipped through, heart breaking at the sight before her. Percy was hugging his daughter tight, tears streaming down his face as he tried desperately to stop sobs from coming. Joy had long since curled into her father's grip, now softly crying because her strong Daddy almost never cried, and when he did, it made her cry too.

Angel softly crawled over, sitting against Percy and laying her head on his shoulder, arms wrapping around his jerky shoulders in a silent hug.

She felt his trembling slowly subside after who knows how long passed, and she sent another message to Ice and Beauty that they weren't needed, but were welcome to come, because their leader needed all of the help he could get.

~Line Break~

That night, after Silena had cast a light dreamless spell on the assassin-Chaos knew that he needed it-the three friends met in Angel's room to talk.

"I say we tell the Olympians to make Annabeth and that man to stay the hell away." Angel hissed through gritted teeth, somehow making _'that man_' sound like a curse.

Siena shook her head. "Lady Chaos said that they would not budge. Annabeth is one if their smartest minor gods, and Seth is the fastest, along with the best fighter." The disgust in her tone more than made up for her impassive face.

Beckedorf shook himself to get rid of the frost slowly gathering on his clothes. "We need to make sure at least one of us is with him at all times, or at least Joy. We should be able to teach her what they look like and to lead Percy away, would she ever see him before her father."

Silena nodded to her husband's suggestion. "That's probably the best we can do, at least until we can find a way to keep them away from the camp."

Angel looked like she was going to scream with anger, but reluctantly nodded like her friend. "I vote that we find a excuse to kill them. It's not like we don't have the means to."

Again, Silena shot it down. "That would put a strain on out relationship with the Greeks, as well as the Romans. Beck's is the best idea."

Said man pushed off the wall he was leaning on to walk out of the room. "So it's settled. We'll talk Joy in the morning." And he left, footsteps echoing in the silent cabin.

~Line Break~

Hello! So, I told you that I wouldn't be making Seth the same way I was. As you can see, this is true. He is more calculating, more sadistic. The original was made just for fun, something I wrote for you to hate, but I'm serious about this version. I'm adding depth and more emotion and lots and lots of more drama. So, I'm Changing the tag from humor, which here will still be here, to drama. Also, I'm changing Seth's obsession from Angel to Percy. I'll explain why.

As you can see, Percy is powerless against him. Seth represents everything horrible about his past, and Percy can't fight it. So if Seth decides to battle him, Percy will lose because he can't fight, he'll be frozen. And if Seth decides to kidnap him, since he's, y'know, obsessed, Percy won't be able to stop him.

See, this is why Seth is so dangerous. He's smart, but also a slave to his emotions and fascinations. So when he saw the fact that Wolf was scared to death of him, Seth wanted to see more of this, to understand why, because Wolf was supposed to be a fearless commander. And, maybe, he'll find out what's under the hood, and become even more obsessed, only this time it'll be more lustful instead of intrigued. Add the fact that Percy can't move when he's near, you have a recipe for disaster. So the others will have to keep them away from each other. Not gonna happen though, by they'll try because they're good friends and daughter.

OH MY GOD THIS IS MY LONGEST AUTHOR'S NOTE EVER! I HOPE YOU LIKE IT!

Review, please?

PS. This whole Rick and David thing is always gonna be there. Just so you know. They're gonna be like, the OTP of the Soldiers. Literally everyone ships them. Ha ha ha! I totally just did that.

4. Chapter 4

****Yellow! I'm back and I'm back with more! Yay! If ANY of you have ANY questions about the interactions between Seth and Percy, or the way Seth is acting, just refer to my LONG authors note at the end of chapter three. It'll explain everything. And if it doesn't, I'll adress it when it's asked.****

****Special thanks to everyone who reviewed, favorited, and followed last chapter along with my totally cool beta reader softichgirl who looked over for this for me. ^^ Love you all!****

****Now, onto the chapter!****

****~Line Break~****

Percy awoke to his daughter's form curled up to his side and her hair tickling his cheek. He smiled sleepily, brushing a few strands out of her face, and Joy's nose wrinkled adorably. He chuckled softly. His daughter was always so cute.

They stayed like this for about an hour, Percy basking in the presence of his little girl before he sighed and gently slid out from under her, sliding the blanket over her small form. Percy scowled at the fact that he had to leave the safety of his bedroom, straightened a few of his feathers that hurt, and quickly got dressed.

Pulling on his cloak, but not putting up the hood, Percy walked out of the room, smiling tiredly at the few soldiers lingering into the hallway. Then Percy stopped, turned on his heel, and quietly opened a door to see David and Rick curled up on a bed together, sleeping wear wrinkled. Rick's head was on David's chest, black hair falling across his cheek while his roommate had an arm around his body.

Rick mumbled something, and David immediately hushed him, muttering something in return while petting Rick's hair.

Funny thing was, there were two beds. They were on one.

Percy grinned and rapped sharply on the door. The pair jolted awake, blinking bearily. Rick yawned, then tried to go back to sleep by nuzzled his face into David's chest.

David stayed awake, however, and squinted at his commander for a few seconds before bending down and whispering something in Rick's ear. The teenager looked up at his roommate, then at Percy and back at David. this repeated several times before realization dawned and Rick's face positively burned.

"Sir! I-its not what it looks li-" The poor soldier never got to finish his sentence before David pulled him back to his side and fell back asleep.

Percy laughed. "Really? Well, it looks like to me that two men are sleeping in the same bed! Must be a couple!"

"Sir!"

Percy closed the door, intent on spreading the news. Almost everyone shipped the two. Seems like they already realized it.

****~Line Break~****

Seth carefully watched the brand new cabin, sharp eyes enthralled as he watched the hooded man exit, wings shifting behind him slightly. With a smirk, Seth walked out from his cover. Wolf didn't seem to notice him, taking to the sky immediately. But Seth saw the backward glance, the fear shining in his eyes before he took off at sonic speed.

Seth couldn't help it. He could feel his fascination grow until it was a pain in his chest. Why was he so afraid? Seth was a scientist, and a damn good one at that, but he was fast, and he wanted answers fast. So he would get answers fast.

****~Line Break~****

Percy could feel Seth's eyes on his back, and knew he had to move. If he didn't, he would be confronted, and, judging by his response yesterday, he would freeze up. So he moved, took to the skies, and felt like a coward for not facing his problem. But he couldn't, and it killed him, but he couldn't. Seth was the one who ruined his life. He hated him and feared him and everything in between. Sure, he still hated Annabeth, but Seth...

Seth was who he really feared.

Percy landed softly on the ground, meeting his troops who were sleepy but alert. "Good morning. Today we will be doing our normal training exercise, but when we stop, we will help the demigods train so that their fighting style is more effective. Understood?" He said quietly, but it was heard. It was said in a tone that he often used in front of his subordinates, one that said 'I demand obedience without rising my voice', and it worked wonders.

"Yes sir!" You see? Instant results.

Percy watched over them as they trained, green eyes searching for any weaknesses that they needed to fix. "Rick!"

Rick stopped in the middle of attacking his roommate and snapped to salute. "Yes, sir?"

"Why do you have a limp?" Percy asked, barely holding back a snicker.

Rick just averted his eyes, a pink tinge to his cheeks. "David hit my leg unnecessarily hard yesterday, sir."

"Of course. Go to medical to get it fixed."

Rick glanced back at David, a accusation in his eyes. "This is your fault." He hissed out of the corner of his mouth.

David looked unmoved. "If you weren't taking your time getting back, I wouldn't have hit you."

Rick opened his mouth to give a fiery retort back when Percy called

out his name again. "Sir?"

"I said got to medical! Would you require David to assist you?"

Rick's face flushed under his hood. "N-no, Sir. I'll go now."

Percy bit his lip to keep from bursting out laughing. That would be very unprofessional. Not to mention embarrassing.

****~Line Break~****

Annabeth watched from a distance as the soldier sparred. They had been going at this for hours, and everytime Wolf called out a command, they snapped to attention, shouting a resounding, "Yes, Sir!" before doing as they were told. It was, honestly, very impressive how well trained they were.

The other three were doing the same thing with their troops, while the two small ones ran around, tripping up the other soliders, knocking them down with a solid hit or punch while at the same time training to fly by jumping into the air and flapping their wings to gain leverage over their stronger opponents.

Annabeth was disgusted that they were training so young. "You two!" She shouted, cupping a hand around her mouth to make her voice travel. The pair looked up, their barely visible eyes flashing in surprise. "Come here!"

They looked at each other, then to their commanders, before running over to the minor goddess. "Yes?" One asked-Joy, was it?

The other crossed their arms. "What do you want?" He-for it was a he-snapped gruffly. Well, as gruffly as one could get with that voice.

"I just want to know your names and why you're training." She said kindly, bending down to their level.

The boy growled. "I'm not telling and neither is she." He pointed to his companion.

Joy giggled, shoving gently. "She already knows my name, Mattie. We met yesterday."

Stormy blue eyes blinked slowly before he nodded. "Very well, my name is Matthew, and we weren't training. We were learning to fly, as well as playing with our family."

Smile becoming strained, Annabeth took a deep breath before trying again. "But, Matthew, you were taking them to the ground."

He stared right into her eyes fearlessly. "That's the point of the game. We're supposed to take them to the ground because we're 'it'. Do you understand?"

Annabeth nodded, neck like a stiff plank of wood and head a weight on her shoulders. "I...understand."

She caught the edges of a smile in the darkness of Joy's hood. "Good."

Can we go back to playing now?"

Annabeth swallowed the lump in her throat. Of course they thought it was a game! It was how they were raised, they didn't know any better, even though she knew that they were training, _they didn't!_ "Yes, you may." The words were choked and rough as they passed through her throat.

This time, she was taken aback at the wide grins she got in return from the both of them.

****~Line Break~****

Seth walked up to Percy, the full brunt of his features freezing the very air in the assassin's lungs. "Hey , Wolf." The god greeted coolly, but the dark amusement glinting in his gaze made Percy do a full body flinch before freezing.

"Where's your troops?"

Percy opened his mouth to answer, but no words came out. Instead, a strangled noise came out before tears sprang to his eyes. He couldn't move. He couldn't move and Seth was coming.

Oh god oh god oh god. Why couldn't he move? Seth was coming and he couldn't move, he couldn't even _breathe_, he was just _frozen_ and-

A warm hand laid on his arm and a soft rustling of wings reached his ears, and some of the tension drained out of him. "Excuse us. We have somewhere to be." Beauty's voice was stern, but apologetic with a hint of malice laid neatly underneath.

Seth stopped in his tracks, a gleam entering his eyes that Percy didn't like right away, before he nodded. "Okay."

Then they left, Percy's only anchor to reality being Beauty's firm hand, when what his mind really wanted to do was break and fly off into the wind. "Hey, it's okay. He's gone." His friend murmured to him, but Percy was looking resolutely ahead, not giving her the chance to look into his eyes. If she did, then he would be pulled off this assignment. He didn't want that. His soliders needed him. He was the strongest, they needed him _here._ If he wasn't, he might-_might!_-would lose them, and he couldn't handle that. In all of his years, he never lost a single person under his command. He won't start now.

****~Line Break~****

Seth watched the two walk away, footsteps just whispers on the ground, and felt his irritation grow. He couldn't get a minute in with the elusive assassin because everytime he even came close, the person he was with, lead him away. The was the first time since this person he got to look at the eyes since this morning. And, oh, how they were beautiful. Sea-green looked lovely with tears and fear shining in it. He loved it when the muscles pulled taut and froze, and he especially loved the sound that escaped Wolf. It was one of terror and, oh, how it was wonderful.

By the gods, he wanted more of that beautiful display, and he would

get it.

Just as he was contemplating how, Annabeth ran up to him, blonde hair flying behind her. "Seth!"

He turned towards her, a small smile flickering on his face at the sight of his official girlfriend. He did have mortal ones-hell, he even had one night stands-but so did Annabeth, and they were open about this sort of thing. After all, even the most devoted God had demigod, and to have that you had to have mortals. However, Annabeth was his godly one, the one that he could live with and her not die.

So he had no problem with answering, "Yes, my dear?"

Eyes flashing with some hung akin to anger and grief, she flung herself into his arms. "Those kids! Those kids re training to be soliders and they don't even know it!"

Confused, but sympathetic, Seth gently steadied his girlfriend, and asked for her to explain. With a sniffle, she did. "Do you know those small ones with wings?" He nodded;he had indeed seen them, and they were one of the ones who had kept him away from Wolf. Ignoring the rage that bubbled up in his stomach, he motioned of r her to continue.

"They...they...They have them thinking like training to be in the army is playing!" Annabeth finally burst, looking ready to burst into tears.

"What?" He asked, aghast. However, secretly, he felt like it was the best way to raise soldiers. From the cradle up.

"I know! What should we do? Should we tell Mom? Or Zeus?"

Seth bit his lip thoughtfully. "Why don't we wait?" He asked slowly.

Annabeth glared at him through her tears. "Why should we?"

"So that we learn their reasons why so that we can build a proper case." Seth said, soothing her ruffled feathers with practiced ease.

"O-okay. We'll do that. Thanks, I love you." She leaned up to give him a kiss on the mouth before snuggling into his arms. And all Seth could think about as she did so, while watching Wolf rise into the sky on magnificent black feathered wings, was that he wanted to know what was under that hood. He was't thinking about the woman on his arms, no, he was thinking of the mysterious immortal that had captured his mind.

~Line Break ~

Chiron looked across his camp as they ate. Really, with all of the children it was full enough already, but with the extra thousand and five, it was crammed. Heaving a sigh, he old centaur looked at his favorite Daughter of Athena...though, she wasn't really his favorite anymore, considering the fact that she made Perseus run away.

Yes, yes, Chiron remembered the Son Of Poseidon. How could he not when he walked by his picture everyday and looked at the Fleece as it glittered on Thalia's tree and was reminded of the not really quest where Percy set out to save Grover? Besides, he's never forgotten a student, and Percy was always a favorite of his.

However, he focused his attention on the Soliders. They were laughing, pushing each other off the benches and picking on two men called David and Rick. Ah, there they were. One sat in the others lap, because there was no more room, with a red face while the other just ate his salad.

Wolf's booming laugh rang out through the chaos as he bent over. "Hey David, enjoying the view?" This made everyone else roar with laughter and Rick's face to burn even brighter.

"I'm sorry Commander, I'm afraid I can't hear you over the noise, but I think the answer is yes!" David shouted back, but a hint of smile ghosted around his mouth.

This just made the room louder as the soldier gasped, then began gossiping about themselves. "Somebody tell Angel!" Someone screamed.

"I'll do it!" Another shot up and ran out the door, his laughter receding even as everyone else's began again.

"Shut up!" Rick yelled, who was looking so red that he might as well as been a tomato.

"Never!" His fellow comrades shot back before giggling.

Chiron shook his head fondly. Hey reminded him of his campers...who were looking at the guests in amazement. He then groaned under his breath as Seth walked up to the group, face alight with...some emotion that Chiron really didn't want to know.

"Hey, Wolf." He called with a smirk.

Chiron could see the tension that was instantly in Wolf's shoulders, the way he froze mid-laugh, the way that every single person who came with him swerved their heads to look at their superior and friend, suddenly silent.

"What the hell do you want, you bastard?!" Rick yelled, face twisting in anger as he rose from David's lap. Everyone shared similar sentiments, looking ready to draw their weapons and attack.

"Oh, nothing. I just want to fight, to see if he's as strong as he says he is." Seth replied, entirely unimpressed with their reactions.

"N-no." Wolf's voice was quiet and hesitant, stuttering over the word.

Seth's face more into a look of hurt and shock. "What, too afraid?" He mocked cruelly.

"If he doesn't want to fight, he doesn't have to fight!" Ice yelled, barely visible eyes glaring furiously.

"Oh? Are you sure that he's not simply...frozen?" Here, he leaned down, making his face as close to Wolf's as possible. Chiron watched as the assassin trembled, eyes wide and breath shallow.

Suddenly a hand grabbed the back of Seth's shirt and threw him back. "Leave him alone!" Angel shouted furiously, wings extended behind her back to hide her friend from view.

"Why should I?" Seth asked as he flashed up from his spot on the floor.

"You're a pest! Just leave him alone, he obviously doesn't want to talk to you! Just accept that he's stronger than you and stop trying to inflate your ego!" Angel screamed in fury, her friend's and subordinates nodding behind her, fingering the weapons at their sides.

Seth sneered at her before darting forward at light speed. Angel threw out a dagger and it hit his shoulder perfectly. "I said, leave him alone." She growled it, a deep rumbling in her chest that made her presence grow until it was suffocating as Seth grabbed at his shoulder in pain.

"And I said, why should I?" Seth replied, eyes flashing in the anger.

"He doesn't want to talk to you."

Chiron peered around her wings to see Wolf had actually relaxed, shoulders and wings alike drooping with relief while the little girl in the cloak cuddled close into her chest. He held tight to her, absently rubbing his hand up and down her back. A silent sigh left his lips before he stood, still cradling the little one close, before leaving.

"Where do you think you're going?" Seth yelled, whipping around to glare heatedly at the duo.

"Back to the cabin." A high and girlish voice called back in place of Wolf's deep one before they turned the corner and left sight.

Chiron stared at the Pavalon, at the campers' curious expressions, to the unrelenting, protective stance of the Soldiers, to Annabeth's concerned face, and finally to Seth. His face was twisted into an expression of such malice that it surprised the ancient centaur. He truly looked angry, but the shimmer in his eyes spoke of obsession. For the first time he got here, Chiron was worried about Wolf; if Seth was obsessed, it wouldn't bode well for the winged immortal.

****~Line Break~****

Angel watched as her friend walked away, a sad look in her eyes before she turned her attention back to the minor god in front of her, who looked like he just might run after Percy. And run he did. In a twist too fast for mortal eyes to see, Seth darted after the winged pair.

Angel shouted a command, throwing her arm out. Her soldiers rushed

after him, weapons drawn. Her fellow commanders' soldiers shimmered in fury, ready to go at any time in silence.

Angel watched as they dragged Seth back, his body covered in wounds and dripping gold, and didn't even fight her satisfied smile, because it was a lost battle even before it started.

****~Line Break~****

****Soooo...I wrote this in like, what, a week? SO MANY WORDS! GAHHHH! Though, I do feel rather amazing for doing this. Really, I do. Just...bear with me if I don't update in a while, okay guys?****

****By the way, do you like how I write this, and the way I write Seth now? Cause I sure do. But I wanna know what you guys think...AND I CAN'T DO THAT IF YOU DON'T FREAKING REVIEW MY GOD GUYS!****

****Hey, did you like the implications of Rick/David (don't care whos in charge) really, theyre just fiends (for now) but everyone sees the things that aren't there and ships them so hard...kind of like Fangirls and Fanboys...Hm...****

****Oh well! See you the next chapter!****

End
file.